

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WEBB.

Volume III.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1839.

Number 9.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

POETRY.

THE PLOUGH.

When Adam with his blooming rib,
By the behest of Heaven,
From Paradise, his native home,
All sorrowing was driven,
The curse primeval, thought so hard,
A blessing was I trow,
That she should nurse her little babes,
While he should guide the Plough.

So our great ancestor became
A farmer of the soil,
And millions of his children, too,
Are sharers in the toil.
We clear and beautify the fields;
We drain the miry slough;
We wield the sickle and the flail,
And guide the sturdy Plough.

Of all the stations here on earth,
The farmer ranks the first,
Though some may reckon him debased
For toiling in the dust.
'Tis nature's calling he pursues,
As, with a sweaty brow,
He turns the sod all upside down,
And guides the sturdy Plough.

When spring in all its merriment
O'er spreads the fields with green,
And nought save notes of joy is heard,
And nought but smiles are seen,
The farmer turns his tillage lands,
And who's so happy now,
As he while whistling to his team,
He guides the sturdy Plough.

Domestic joy full well he knows,
And if mayhap a care;
For none must think to be exempt
From common lot and share;
His wife she deems it her concern
To milk the bonney cow,
And cheer her ruddy husband, as
He guides the sturdy Plough.

For love of wealth some get enfeared
In speculation's toils,
And others when disasters come,
Are scrambling for the spoils;
Still does the prudent farmer pay
To industry his vow,
Nor heeds the struggle nor the strife—
But steady guides the Plough.

Good rule and order he maintains;
He lives in peace with all;
And to defend his country's rights,
He's ready for a call;
Now, to be ever thus content,
Say, wight, would ye know how?
'Tis but to mind your own affairs,
And steady guide the Plough.

He who thinks a man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

A Spanish proverb says, that Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians in their law suits.

Idleness, says a great writer, is the nest in which mischief lays its eggs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Courier.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

CHAPTER II.

[Concluded.]

Tim now made his escape from Peter's room and went home. The next morning he called on Mr. Fletcher; after due consideration with that gentleman, the subscribing witness to the will, a Mr. Sampson, was found and before night, the will was duly proved and put on record.

'Do you intend to keep the will?' asked Fletcher.

'No,' replied Tim. 'I intend to return it, there is no fear of forgery now, it has been proven and recorded.'

Fletcher laughed. Tim of course, confidentially communicated to him all the particulars as to the manner in which the will had been obtained.—Fletcher replied that Tim would make an excellent lawyer.

Pell arose next morning after his nocturnal scene, pale and troubled in his mind. Peter in answer to his numerous enquiries, stoutly contended that he had neither seen or heard any thing the night before except the accident of upsetting the table and extinguishing the candle.

'It's very strange,' said Pell.

On looking for the will he found that it was gone and he no longer doubted that it was the apparition of the deceased testator who had visited him the night before, as he was in the act of mutilating the instrument by forgery, and had spirited it away in a miraculous manner. He kept his room most of the day, gloomy and moody; and recollecting the apparition's parting warning, he was silent on the subject of the last night's scene. Night came and he retired to rest. He made Peter sleep in the same room, but allowed him to put out the light. Nothing occurred during the night to disturb his slumbers, but what was his astonishment in the morning on finding that Peter had left him, and was snoring away most unmusically in his own room. If this little fact surprised him, how much was his consternation increased by finding the center table upset, the candle lying on the floor and the will also lying a few feet from the prostrate table, all in the same situation as they probably were, when in his fright he had overturned the table on the evening previous to the last!

Old Pell now cautiously approached the will as it lay on the floor touching it with his cane, and then listening, but hearing no noise, he grew more bold, and at last grasped it up, and hurried it into the iron safe locked it and put the key in his pocket. He then went into Peter's room after awakening him asked him 'what the devil he meant by leaving him, and going into his own room when he had charged him to the contrary!'

'I no understand you, massa Pell.'

'Why, you black scoundrel didn't I tell you to sleep in my room last night, and didn't I go to bed and leave you sitting there!'

'No massa,' replied the negro, 'how could you tell me dat, when you been a sleep yourself ever since night before last!'

Pell opened his mouth in wonder, and exclaimed. What do you say, Peter? have I been asleep ever since night before last? 'Yes you hab,' answered Peter, and I found it impossible to wake you all day yesterday.'

Pell scratched his head. The fright which he had endured, had in a manner affected his senses, and having but an indistinct recollection of the scene he had passed through, and finding himself contradicted by Peter in every thing he attempted to describe as having taken place and without a little willing to believe that the horrors he had suffered were imaginary, he finally settled down upon the conclusion that it was as Peter represented, he had been asleep thirty-six hours, and had been dreaming and that was all. He now resolved more firmly than ever not to be thwarted in his designs respecting Eliza, so he goes to

the safe takes out the will, and it being daytime he felt fearless. He sat down by the table, took up his pen, and after some trembling, finally inserted a clause therein, the purport of which the reader has already seen. He then went to Eliza, and informed her that she must be prepared to marry Benson within a month, hinting again that it would be useless for her to protest against it, for if she persisted in marrying Tim, she would thereby forfeit all claim to her father's property. Eliza had seen Tim only a few minutes before, and had been told every thing respecting the obtaining possession of the will, and of it being proved and recorded and that henceforth it was out of her uncle's power to do as he threatened. She therefore wore a cheerful countenance when Pell made the above announcement and said:

'If I must be married so soon uncle—as it is summer, I should prefer the wedding should be at my aunt Winthrop's in her beautiful mansion at Farmingdale Park. It will be so delightful to get married in such a beautiful retreat, and it is only eight miles distant. I'm sure our friends would be glad to accompany us.'

Pell who expected another shower of tears and complaints against his cruelty in compelling her to marry Benson, was overjoyed at finding her so seemingly tractable on this point, and in the exuberance of his joy promised her that the wedding should be at her aunt's. It was therefore arranged that Eliza should go immediately to her aunt's, there to remain until the day of her nuptials. This arrangement was soon communicated by Pell to Benson; who of course, exceedingly elated at his coming prospects, and consequently put on an extra degree of supercilious behaviour towards his classmates, and rubbed his hands when he saw Tim. 'Let them laugh that win' thought Tim, but said nothing.

Tim paid but one visit to Eliza and her aunt Winthrop before the evening of the wedding. How well he played his card while there, by insinuating himself in the good graces of Mrs. Winthrop, and the result of the consultation he had with the old lady and her niece, will be shown in the sequel of our tale. It is sufficient to say that Mrs. Winthrop liked Tim, and had always disliked old Pell. Tim communicated his secret to me, and requested that I would appear on that evening dressed as a groomsmen.

The day of the nuptials arrived. The elite of the county round, and of the college were invited to Farmingdale Park.—Benson procured a splendid hack to convey himself and his groomsmen to the park. Tim and myself were dressed in the extreme of fashion, and also procured a coach still more splendid at which every body wondered, in which we wended our way to Mrs. Winthrop's in advance of Benson and his party, consisting of old Pell and his groomsmen. Having thus taken the lead of the train, by the application of the whip to our horses, we found ourselves at the park, some twenty minutes before the rest of the party arrived.

On entering the parlor we found Mrs. Winthrop, Eliza in her bridal dress, and her cousin Mary Winthrop, as Bridesmaid and also Mr. Strong the Clergyman; to the latter of whom Mrs. Winthrop introduced Tim as the bridegroomsmen. It was arranged that as soon as the party arrived, and had properly assembled, that the bride and bridesmaid and Tim and myself should take our stations at the upper end of the parlor, when the clergyman should perform the ceremony.

The whole party arrived soon after, and were arranging themselves for their appearance in the parlor. Benson on his arrival asked Mrs. Winthrop for Eliza, and was answered that she choose not to appear till the hour for the ceremony began, when she would enter the room from the wing adjoining the parlor with her bridesmaid. In less than an hour, every thing was in readiness for the ceremony to commence. Pell had seated himself near the upper end of the room, and Mrs. Winthrop was stationed

near him. Eliza and her bridesmaid made their appearance from an adjoining room, Eliza led in by Tim, and I had the honor of conducting her cousin to the place where we were to stand. We had just arranged ourselves, when Benson, with his groomsmen, came up—and here considerable confusion ensued. Benson offered his hand to Eliza, who did not extend hers, but waving it and curtesying, requested him to be seated, as there was an unoccupied seat near her uncle Pell. Tim could hardly contain himself from laughing outright, while Benson was so staggered with surprise, mortification and disappointment, that he only moved a few paces back and looked the very picture of despair. The lovers now joined hands, and the minister commenced repeating the ceremony, when old Pell who had cast his eyes towards that end of the room, discovered what was going on and screamed out—"I forbid the bans."

The minister stopped. "I forbid the bans!" repeated old Pell, his teeth gnashing with rage, "I have never given my consent."

"You have no consent to give," replied Mrs. Winthrop. Will you please to proceed with the ceremony, Mr. Strong. Mr. Pell, this is my niece's wedding, and in my own house, I therefore hope you will take the hint, and let us have no more of your interruption."

"I say," replied Pell, "'tis written in her father's will, that she cannot marry without my consent."

"Forgery!" cries the same supernatural voice which Pell well recollected. It came in a smothered tone—no one heard it but Pell and Mrs. Winthrop. Old Pell grew pale and said no more. The ceremony was finished without interruption, and Tim and Eliza pronounced man and wife. Then there was a tittering and laughing all over the house. The students of the college particularly enjoyed it much. The idea that Tim had out-generalled Benson in this hymenial campaign was too good, and they laughed together for an hour. Benson only waited for the announcement of the sentence that Tim and Eliza were man and wife—he then rushed out of the door followed by his groomsmen and old Pell, and called for his hack. As he came rushing out, the students hissed and hailed him, "Benson, how gallant you are in running away from your bride." His carriage was soon got ready, and in mounted Benson, groomsmen and old Pell, driving off at the rate of ten miles an hour.

After their departure the evening passed off merrily, the good fortune of Tim, and the discomfort of Benson and old Pell furnishing matter of conversation and laughter for the whole party. The assembly broke up at a late hour, and departed for their respective homes.

The next morning the servant announced the arrival of Mr. Pell at Farmingdale Park accompanied by his lawyer, Mr. Ridgely.—Pell directed the servant to summon Mrs. Winthrop, Tim and Eliza to the parlor.—The servant departed for that purpose, and in a few minutes they entered the parlor where Pell and Ridgely had seated themselves.

Eliza broke the silence. "You have come early to pay your respects to the bride. You can't tell how much I feel gratified and honored by this mark of your friendship and solicitude for my happiness." As she said this, she bent an eye of roguish meaning on Mrs. Winthrop and her husband.

Old Pell's wrath was up. "I've come to tell you, madam," said he, addressing Eliza, "that you and your husband are beggars. By your disobedience to me, you have forfeited all claim to your father's estate, which by his will has now become my property. You and your husband will please never show your faces at the Homestead."

Tim replied, "if you were not an old man, my only answer to your insolence would be by softly handing you into the street. As it is, I have no reply to make, but unless you yourself immediately quit the Homestead, and render up as executor,

the possession of my wife's estate, you will meet with trouble of which you may not be aware."

Mr. Ridgely spoke, "I have examined the will of your wife's father, Mr. Jocelyn, and find the condition in the will, that she was only to be possessed of the property by marrying with the consent of Mr. Pell, the executor of the will. It is therefore needless for me to say that any attempt on your part to litigate so plain a feature in the instrument, would involve you in costs, and the mortification of failure. Madam," continued he, turning to Eliza, "you did very wrong in being so very disobedient, and," he added, turning his eyes on Tim's noble figure and frank intellectual countenance, "there seems to be abundant excuse for your conduct—ha, ha, ha!"

Tim answered, "I entertain great respect for you, Mr. Ridgely, and only regret that you have not a more worthy client.—Lucky will it be for him, if your services are not required to shield him from the penitentiary. I wish you both good morning," and presenting his arm to Eliza and Mrs. Winthrop, left them abruptly in the parlor."

"The impertinent youngster," exclaimed old Pell, "let us go Mr. Ridgely and get the will proved. Mr. Sampson is a subscribing witness. I'll call upon him, and have it established this afternoon, and then I'll see who is to possess the Homestead and the estate."

They took their departure. In the afternoon Pell called on Mr. Sampson, and producing the will, told him that as he was a subscribing witness he wished him to go before the Judge of Probates, and prove the will.

"Why," replied Sampson, "I have done that already, six weeks ago."

"What do you mean, Sampson?"

"Just as I say, that about six weeks ago I swore to the will before the judge of probates."

"Impossible," replied Pell, taking the will out of his pocket—but as he took it out his eye for the first time fell upon the following endorsement on the parchment:

—County, ss. The within instrument duly proven, and by me recorded in Liber M. of Wills, page 200 and 201, this 17th day of June, A. D. 18—

SOLOMON HALE,
Judge of Probates.

Pell was dumb with astonishment. At length he enquired who produced the will when it was proven.

"A Mr. Jocelyn," replied Sampson.

The whole truth now flashed on Pell's mind. Tim it was who had so frightened him on the evening the will was taken away, and Tim must have been the apparition that had taken it away. His rage was without bounds; and not knowing how he stood affected by what had transpired, and that his own crime of Forgery might be made to appear, he mounted his carriage, and drove with all haste to Farmingdale Park. On arriving there, he burst into the room where Mrs. Winthrop, Eliza and Tim were seated at the tea table.

"You are very kind, uncle," said Eliza, "one's friends do not often call twice in a day."

"Damnation," roared Pell. "And so Mr. Jocelyn, you was the thief that stole the will from my bed room table about six weeks ago! You needn't think to escape. You will be called on by an officer to-morrow morning and go to jail."

"Thank'ee," said Tim. "I have no occasion I only borrowed the will a few hours just to get it proved. Was it not returned the next evening? Ask Peter."

Old Pell almost foamed at the mouth.

"And so you conspired with my servant to rob me of the will, did you? Very well, Mr. Jocelyn, there is a law for these things."

"Yes," replied Tim, sipping his tea very coolly. "Peter did assist me a little in that matter. I was in his room, and stood at the window of the door, as you were about to commit the crime of Forgery." The last word was pronounced in the same un-